

TRUMAN'S ENTERTAINING

TOY BOOKS

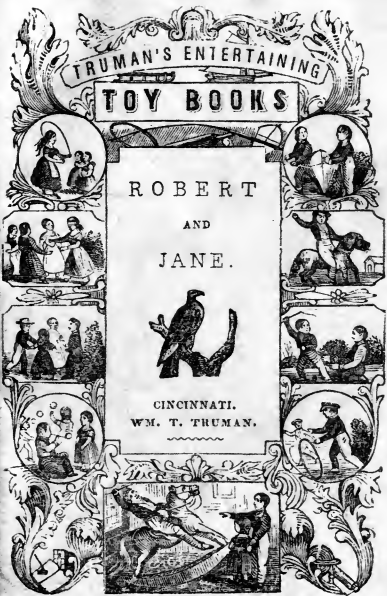
ROBERT

AND

JANE.



CINCINNATI.
WM. T. TRUMAN.



CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



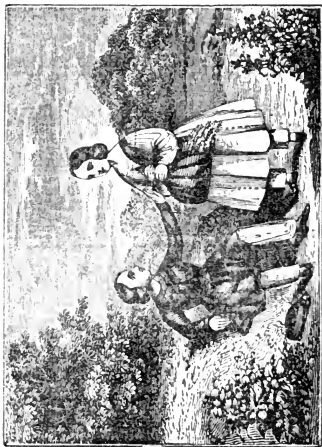
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ROBERT AND JANE.



CINCINNATI:
WILLIAM T. TRUMAN.



ROBERT AND JANE.

ONE fine May morning, Robert and Jane were told by their mamma to go to school. So they put on their things, and having kissed their mamma, were soon on their way.

They had not gone more than half way down the lane, when John began to loiter behind his sister. Instead of walking along with his sister, like a good boy, he was looking for snail-shells, and picking smooth little pebbles, which had been washed clean by the rain. At last John, calling after his sister, said, "I do not see what is the use of going to school this fine morning; let us play truant." "No," replied Jane, "I will not take liberties for which I know I must

suffer hereafter." "Nonsense about that," said John, "I will enjoy myself while I can." "And so will I," replied Jane, "and I shall best enjoy myself by keeping a good conscience, and so I will go to school." "Very well, Jane, then tell the master that I am ill and cannot come," said John. "I shall do no such thing, John," said Jane, "I shall simply tell the truth, if asked why you are not with me." "Then I shall say you are very unkind, Jane," said John. "You will not go with me then?" asked Jane, with a tear in her sweet blue eye. "I shall go up into this tree," said John, "and so good morning to you, Jane." Poor Jane gave one long look at her brother, gave a deep sigh, and went on her way. And naughty John sat in the tree and watched her after she had crossed the smooth broad

path-way that led through the field, then enter the church-yard, and stoop to read a verse on a tomb-stone ; then take out her kerchief, wipe a tear from her eye, look upward to the cloudless heaven, and then she was gone.

And John sat still in the tree, and he said to himself, “ Oh ! that I were as good as my sister ; but I will go down and follow her.” So he went down from the tree, leaped over the fence, ran along the fields, and did not stay to gather *one* cowslip, though each one made him a golden bow as he passed. And when he went into the school-room, though he was only five minutes later than his sister, he told his master the whole truth, and how naughty he would have been, had it not been for a kind little thought which came in his mind, and bade him try to be as good as his sister.



POMPEY, THE DOG.

LET us dress Pompey in old Betty's cap and kerchief, and do you tie your sash round his waist, Clara, and he shall have grandpapa's three-cocked hat on, and I'll make him carry papa's stick in his mouth. Now, be quiet, Pompey, and hold up your head! don't you know how grand you will look when you are dressed? There you are. Now, Clara, make him sit up on his hind legs, while I play a tune on my fife. Now give me one of your paws, Pompey, and Clara, do you take hold of the other, and we will make him walk across the floor.

Hush! Pompey, you shall not cry and bite our hands in this manner—you shall look at yourself in the glass. Take him to the long glass, Clara, that he may see himself at full length.

O! dear brother, I am sure he is

angry, only hear how he growls; let us take him away.

No, no, stay awhile, he does not know himself yet, with his fine cocked hat, and muslin border peeping from beneath, and his long blue sash tied in those graceful knots.

Oh! do let us take him away, brother, I am sure he will break the glass—he will never know himself. There! he has broken the glass, and what now must we do?

Hark! I hear some one coming up stairs; I believe it is mamma. Well, Clara, we must tell the truth, that will be best.

O! but if we do, mamma will punish us.

I do not fear *that*, Clara, I am only sorry that we have been so foolish; but here is mamma.

Children, what is the meaning of

all this? Pompey dressed in Betty's cap and grandpapa's hat, and the long glass broken! What am I to think of this!

Oh! dear mamma, we have been very foolish and are almost afraid you will not forgive us; but if you will, mamma, I will give you all the money I have in my savings box to help to pay for the glass, and I am sure Clara will do the same. Do forgive us, dear mamma, we are so sorry! Punish us in any way you think proper, but mamma do forgive us!"

I am pleased to hear you own the truth when you have been in fault, and if you feel truly sorry, and strive to do better in future, I will forgive you."

Oh! thank you, thank you, dear mamma; we will indeed strive to be so good for the future that we may no more grieve you, dearest mamma.



THE LITTLE DOG.

THERE was once a little dog, and he lived with his master in a small wooden hut. Now, this little dog was not so well fed as some are; for he had nothing but dry bread to eat, and cold water to drink, for his master was very poor, and could not afford to fare richly.

Now, I suppose you think because this dog had no better food to eat, he could not have been happy; but let me tell you he was very happy. Why, how could that be? you ask. Because he loved his master, to be sure; and it was his highest delight to serve that master, for he was always kind to him, and the dog knew that he loved him, and that he always shared with him such food as he ate himself, and what more could he do? and Nero felt grateful to his little master for his kindness,

and would show his gratitude by letting his little master ride upon his back.



My little children, learn a lesson from this poor dog; never murmur if your home is humble, and your fare hard, if your parents love you, and treat you kindly; what matters it whether you live in a palace or in a cottage?

Do you not know that God loves the little daisy, as well as the lofty cedar tree? Do you not know that he feedeth the sparrow, as well as the golden eagle? Ah! and does He not also love the poor, as well as the rich? Yea, the Lord loveth all good people.

THE SABBATH!

It is the sabbath! What a sweet name sabbath is! it is just like the day, all rest and peace. When I was a child I used to love the sabbath; O! so dearly, it seemed like a moment of heaven. All people seemed changed; and vast numbers of them went to the house of God in company, and joined in singing his praises. The merry laugh of children at play was not heard in the streets, for the quiet of the sabbath was there also. The voice of the streamlet was heard in softer murmurs, and the song of the birds sounded sweeter in the groves; and the gentle breeze seemed a whisper of peace sent down from the land of the blessed.

On those divine days I used to feel so clean and quiet; and my heart felt better, and my spirit more pure. And



I used to go with my father, and mother, and sisters, to the house of God; to hear of his great love to us, and to learn to love him more. Yes, I did indeed love the sabbath; I was always glad when it came, and always sorry when it went.

Ah! those were golden days, but they are gone, like all others, to give record to the Lord of the deeds done by the children of men. And do all days indeed take record to the Lord of all we think, and say, and do?

Oh! then, how good should I
For ever strive to be,
Since every day a record bears,
Which speaks in heaven of me.

But are people really better on the sabbath? If so, I would that all days were sabbaths, that people might always be better.

EVENING SUN.

GOLDEN sun of evening,
In thy splendid car;
To the west retreating,
Rich thy glories are.

Sun! I love to view thee,
Since I lisped thy name;
Since I learned thy glories
From Jehovah came.

Often, while I saw thee
Bright and cloudless shine,
Holy thoughts came o'er me—
Thoughts of things divine.

Wondrous is thy beauty,
Golden evening sun!
Charming is thy radiance,
Just as day is done.

Thou must be extinguished,
Quenched each golden ray;
My immortal spirit
Cannot fade away.



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